



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

the conductors of the Sol-fa Association, many sensational military effects, yet untried, may be successfully carried out. This monster concert has shown us that Britons have resolved not to be longer the slaves of acoustical laws; and so grand an idea once conceived, cannot be better carried out than by an Association which commenced its labours by reforming our musical notation, and will end them by reforming our music.

As a curiosity in musical criticism, we reprint a notice, from the *Norfolk News*, of the performance of Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" at the Norwich Festival.

"The holders of five shilling tickets were regaled with this work for the first half of their concert. For our own part, we felt it to be dreadfully heavy when we heard it on a morning, and, of course, in an evening it is worse. The opening symphony, which seems almost interminable, contains abundance of ingenuity, but is tie enough of inspiration. It begins with two bars of melody, delivered by the basses, and is followed (after a couple of bars by the whole band) with two bars more. Thus there is a strain of four bars, whereof the first two forms the subject, and the other two a sort of counter subject. Now, a subject of two bars is too short to be very interesting, and this subject, in particular, has nothing fascinating about it; if heard only once, it would pass through the mind and be forgotten. But the composer is determined to brand it on the memory by endless repetition. It pops up in all sorts of places, and is treated in an infinite variety of ways. Sometimes, indeed, it is so long silent that we begin to hope that we have heard the last of it, when, bolt! in it comes, like Paul Pry, with a 'hope I don't intrude?' But it *does* intrude, till it stings like a gadfly. The *chorale* we take to be a quotation. Like most of the German Psalm Tunes, it has a pause at the end of every line, which somewhat interferes with the rhythm. After this dismal ditty has been sung by the voices, it is repeated, and this time it is accompanied by the band, which executes divisions in semiquavers. Here there are two improvements—the time is taken more quickly, and the tormenting pauses are relinquished. Of course, there are redeeming features in the 'Hymn,' but not sufficient to atone for the faults we have named. If we are occasionally put into good humour by a bit of bright melody, the composer will not allow us to enjoy it long; and as if to render condonation impossible, he knocks us down at the last with that fatal phrase which has haunted him like a ghost through his work. Of the performance, we can speak in terms of unqualified praise. The dulcet tones of the wind instruments, the brilliant execution of the strings, and the fine singing of the principals, together with the tremendous din of the choruses (for noise pleases some people better than music), carried the work through, in spite of its weary length."

The next is an exhaustive review upon the same composer's "Reformation Symphony." To understand the last sentence, we must tell our readers that Albert Smith and his brother, when young men, at their amateur performances, always endeavoured to introduce a moonlight scene, "because," said Albert, "as soon as ever I held a tallow candle behind the moon, the spectators began to clap."

"The performances of this evening commenced with Mendelssohn's 'Reformation Symphony.' This piece occupied more than half-an-hour in a concert which would have been too long without it. There certainly was one very pleasing movement, which might last about five minutes. All the rest was 'leather and prunella.' One movement had a sort of air for the strings, accompanied with an iteration of one note for the basses, which effect is difficult to explain, but easy to imagine. In a soldier's band, you will often hear some opera air executed by the first clarionet, accompanied by the bass instruments, with 'tut, tut, prut, prut,' as Sterne has it when he says, 'these fifths are wickedly strung.' That was the sort of effect produced. But some clapping was elicited by the braying of the trombones. These instruments are to Mendelssohn in the place of a 'candle behind the moon.'"

When we say that these depreciatory remarks upon poor Mendelssohn are followed by a burst of enthusiasm upon Pierson, it is impossible to help mingling regret with our laughter; for whatever may be the value of Mr. Pierson's compositions, we cannot but feel that he is an artist, and that he could scarcely therefore hope to be helped to fame by the mistaken zeal of the critic of the *Norfolk News*.

THE death of Mr. J. H. Frobisher, Organist of the Parish Church, Halifax, which occurred on the 3rd. ult., will cause much regret to the many admirers of his talent, as well as to his numerous personal friends. His funeral took place at St. Paul's Church, King's Cross, on the 8th. ult.

Reviews.

CORNISH BROTHERS, BIRMINGHAM. SIMPKIN, MARSHALL AND CO., LONDON.

The English are not a musical people. A Paper on Musical Education. By Charles Lunn, Professor of Singing.

THE contents of this pamphlet, it seems, were intended to be published as an article in the *Cornhill Magazine*; and were written with the view of being a companion article to one bearing the same title, by Mr. G. A. Macfarren, which had previously appeared in that periodical. It was, however, rejected by the Editor, "presumably," says the author, "on account of its musical revolutionary character." We do not believe this: public attention has been latterly so directed towards the subject of musical tuition in this country; and so many incontrovertible truths have been fearlessly stated that an author, as long as he writes earnestly, and steers clear of personality, need not fear that his articles will be rejected by any journal on account of their "revolutionary" tendency. For ourselves, we are glad to welcome one who has thought out the matter with so much intelligence as Mr. Lunn; and as, in illustration of his opinions, he quotes from two of our own editorial articles, we need scarcely say that in most of the main points of his argument we cordially agree with him. In a friendly spirit, however, and just as we might converse with any other travelling companion, we should like to say a few words. In the first place, we think it a great pity that the article should have been tacked on to that of Mr. Macfarren; the weakest points of his pamphlet being, in our opinion, precisely those in which the author attempts to refute the arguments of his predecessor. To give only one instance, we believe with Mr. Macfarren that it is the men of genius (the exceptional members, in fact, of a nation) who give the reputation to a country; although we willingly admit that the general musical culture and executive power of the people in the aggregate have much to do in confirming that reputation. When Mr. Lunn takes up the subject from the point at which Mr. Macfarren left it, there is much shrewd and clever reasoning; especially where the thorough incompetence of many teachers on the very rudiments of the subject they profess to teach is indisputably proved. "The first thing," says our author, "that a master has to teach his pupil is the art of getting the best quality of tone from his instrument. Then, but not till this is done, he has to instruct his pupil how to get the greatest amount of executive skill in the shortest space of time, *on that quality*." Undoubtedly: but how many masters, instead of pursuing this method, fully keep their pupils ignorant, and then endeavour to get the greatest amount of money in the shortest space of time, *on that ignorance*?

W. KENT AND CO., LONDON. COLEFORD, BATH, J. C. TUCKER.

Music: its Properties, Origin, Progress and Purposes. Being a Lecture, delivered by J. Rose, M. M.

THE title of this pamphlet would lead us to expect a most exhaustive essay upon the art; but we cannot promise that this expectation will be realised by those who peruse it. At the commencement we have the usual conventional phrases about the "chirping of the feathered choristers," "the melancholy sound of the water-fall," and "the wild roar of the waves;" and we are also told "that the first and eighth sounds of an octave blended, pre-eminently exemplify the unity which ought to exist among all the members of the human family." It may be gathered from this that our author is an enthusiast; but further on we read an example of the power of music which has never yet struck us. "When we go to view the exhibitions of wild animals," writes Mr. Rose, "we see stationed in front of the pavilion a band of some half-score musicians, not merely to attract a multitude, but to soften, if not subdue, the ferocity of the beasts within." Here we at once confess to rank below the "beasts

within;" for, although the music we have been accustomed to hear on these occasions may tranquillize them, we most positively affirm that it renders us ferocious. Again, much as we believe in the soothing effects of music, in assailing the "blood-thirsty beasts in the woods of Africa," we would certainly rather trust to the "sheeny sword," or "destructive cutlass," than to any "sweet sounds" that could be "wafted on the breeze," even could we shield ourselves ingloriously behind Adelina Patti and Sims Reeves. Seriously, we cannot but think that this exaggerated view of the real mission of music does more harm than good; and we should be indeed sorry (whilst crediting Mr. Rose with the best intentions) if this could be looked upon as a representative essay upon the art, belonging to an age so enlightened upon the subject as the present. But our author does still greater harm as he advances; for as his religious (or perhaps we might say "serious") tendencies develop, we find that he has all the time been speaking, not of music in the abstract, but of sacred music. "No art," he says, "has been so morally degraded, perhaps as music. It has degenerated from David's harp to a gipsy's hurdy-gurdy; and from Zion's sanctuary to a London Opera." Can religious bigotry go beyond this? But there is yet more in the same strain. "I know," he continues, "the sanctuary has too much restraint for many; hence they prefer the concert-room for *showing-off*." Then, after advocating the desirability of making the concert room the *preparatorium* to the sanctuary instead of the reverse, as is now the case, he says, "What makes the concert-room so attractive to such people? Because there they make Handel's solos vocal steeds, on which they ride to fame." The self-satisfied manner in which all those persons who fancy that they "have a call" proceed to enlighten their fellow-creatures is fully exemplified throughout this pamphlet; for our author proceeds to interpret the scriptures for us, to inform us that "the mingling of voices produces misery in hell," to tell us what is and what is not grateful to the Deity, and winds up by saying that we should encourage music in the right way—that is, in *his* way—"Till at last we sit down with heaven's delighted throng; and unite with angelic choirs, amid rainbow-radiance, glowing with resplendent lustre—tuning our golden harps with love-gilt fingers—joining in the grandest most exquisite and sublime outburst of praise," &c. This essay "on Music" was published in 1865: let us hope that its author has had leisure to become more tolerant since that time.

NOVELLO, EWER AND Co.

Six Original Pieces, for the Harmonium. Composed by J. W. Elliott.

SOUND and healthy music, like this, will be found acceptable to Harmonium players, who are seeking for compositions specially written for the instrument, by one who thoroughly understands its capabilities. We have hitherto spoken of Mr. Elliott only as an arranger; but these six original pieces sufficiently show that their author can command a wide circle of admirers on his own account. No. 1, *Moderato*, is a smoothly written little sketch, harmonised with much skill throughout. The phrases are elegant; and the eight bars of key-note pedal at the conclusion, ending with a plagal cadence, in the major key (the piece being in the minor), are most effective. No. 2, *Allegretto con Moto*, affords a good contrast with the preceding placid movement. Based on a flowing subject in $\frac{3}{4}$ rhythm, in which the two hands are tolerably evenly employed, this piece will be in the highest degree attractive, both to players and listeners. No. 3, is the Hymn-tune, *Melcombe*, with four variations, the harmonies in some of which are exceedingly ingenious. No. 4, *Allegro Moderato*, is simple in construction, but not the less to be commended on that account, the theme being extremely melodious. No. 5, *Andante con Moto*, is chiefly remarkable for some good passages of imitation; but the piece is scarcely as much to our liking as those which precede it. No. 6, consists of three varia-

tions on the Hymn-tune, *St. Ann*, the second of which, especially, contains some exceedingly clever writing. Amateur performers on the Harmonium who are not conversant with all the figures and letters generally used to indicate the stops, will be glad to hear that Mr. Elliott has furnished a full explanation of them at the commencement of this collection of pieces.

Maud. Meditation, for the Piano. By Willem Coenen.

NONE but those who have a perfect command of the instrument, and who can moreover grasp extensions with ease, should attempt this composition; but to the possessors of these accomplishments we can recommend this "Meditation" as a good piece of its kind. A plaintive theme is given out with the thumb of the right hand, accompanied with detached chords. Where the *arpeggios* commence, the passages lie well under the hands: but at the change to $1\frac{2}{3}$ rhythm, the difficulties accumulate; and the extensions in the left-hand become so wide that the composer has benevolently given another part, where the chords are written more closely together, which may be substituted for the more difficult one. We are no friends, however, to these "facilitated" passages; and therefore as we have already said, the piece can only legitimately appeal to the most advanced performers.

Summer Days. Trio, for Female voices. Words by Elliott Stock. Composed by Henry Charles Banister.

A VERY excellently written Trio, remarkable for clearness of design; melodious throughout, and with a distinctive character in the accompaniment which lifts it above the ordinary compositions of this class. The modulations give a freshness to the Trio, without interfering with the flow of the melody. We have hitherto seen Mr. Banister's name appended to instrumental works; but this piece proves that he fully understands the art of writing effectively for voices.

O my love's like the red, red rose. Trio. Words by Burns. Music by G. A. B. Beecroft, Mus. Bac., Oxon.

THIS is a smoothly voiced Trio, showing much musical feeling; and there are several good points, which may be made effective, if well sung. We particularly like the modulation into the relative minor, at the end of the second phrase; and there is also much to commend in the progression leading to the final close at the conclusion of the verse. The Trio is written for two soprani and a tenor.

Six Four-part Songs. Composed, and dedicated to Henry Leslie, Esq., and the Members of his Choir, by Samuel Reay.

1. *Spring Voices.* Words by Mrs. Russell.
2. *Waken, Lords and Ladies gay.* Words by Sir Walter Scott.
3. *As it fell upon a day.* Words by Richard Barnfield.
4. *Huntsman rest.* Words by Sir Walter Scott.
5. *'Tis May upon the Mountain.* Words by C. Rokeby.
6. *Take, Oh take those lips away.* Words by Shakespeare.

THESE Part-songs, by a composer who has already made his name in this department of vocal writing, are of more than average merit; and abundantly as the market is supplied with part-music, we feel certain that some of them, at least, must command general attention. The first on our list, although by no means the most striking, is written with a thorough knowledge of vocal effect. There is a good point where, after the modulation into the Dominant, in the 8th bar of the second page, the Soprano takes G natural, and afterwards G sharp; although we think that the words "Nature calls to deck her bowers," are repeated somewhat too often. No. 2, composed, as the author says in a foot-note, before Mr. Henry Smart's setting to the same words was published, has a right to be judged on its own merits; and we may say that its merits are by no means inconsiderable: it has a flowing spirited theme, in $\frac{3}{4}$ rhythm, harmonised most effectively throughout, and is moreover admirably adapted